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DISCORDER

That Magazine from CTR fm102 cable100
July 1986 • Vol. 4/No. 6

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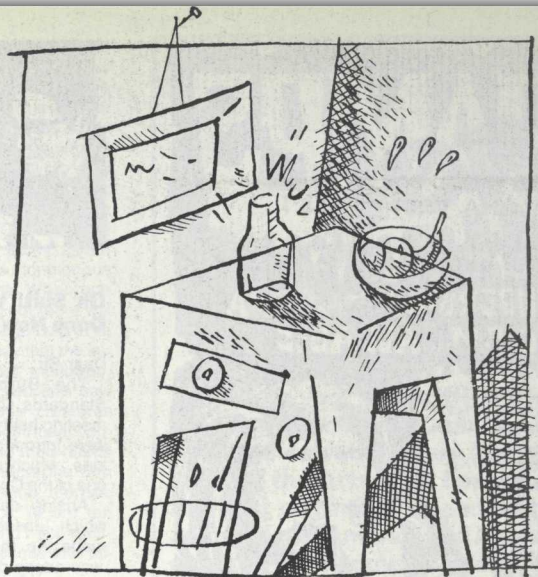
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Oh Shit! What Have We Done Now?

Dear Sir:

The Burnaby Community Standards Committee, at their meeting held on 1986 May 01 we were introduced to your magazine, which was submitted by one of the Committee members.

Arising out of a discussion which ensued regarding the magazine, the following motion was adopted.

THAT staff contact the Student Radio Society of UBC and request details regarding the method of distribution and areas covered in the circulation of the magazine *DISORDER*. Therefore, would you kindly provide this information as requested.

Yours truly,

Mrs. M. Pasqua
Secretary

Community Standards Committee

I Saw God at the Xerox Theatre

Airhead,

I have just experienced something very enlightening to my soul, mind and body...it's called ...Einsturzende Neubauten...I not only watched them play their instruments (?) but participated and entered into their own private world of sound...music. What they manufacture is the very art of noise...the art of a culture rarely seen...heard.

Their performance was very powerful, and overwhelming...and upon leaving one felt a sense of being electrocuted with the artistic creation of...Einsturzende Neubauten.

Teza D.

I'm sure it was good for them too. Would you like a cigarette?

Airhead Plays Post Office

Dear Airhead,

If I may relay my deepest feelings towards Disturbed Young Man (Airhead, June) through you.

Dear Disturbed,
YOU DUMB SON OF A BITCH...

Those of us young punks who are governed by our parents can't move into UBC to get CTR on our radios. We should all move into CTR range (10 feet from the station?). We can't all fit. The high power idea is a good one, but until it goes through, my radio gets CTR with an antenna and on mono—oh well.

But YOU are a first-class jerk. Think there are no punks in North or West Van? Think again. We (or most of us) can't get CTR and want it to go high power—**SO TAKE YOUR HOLY SHIT IDEAS AND GO TO HELL...**

Love and Flowers
Scharque

"What in the world to do"



Holding an international conference of community broadcasters during Expo may not be the best thing to do, but then again, neither is Expo.

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Foreign Mail

Dear Airhead,

Perhaps your mag has got further afield than Basingstoke, Hampshire, England, but maybe not quite so regularly. After studying several of your issues, I'll give you an Englishman's point of view, if you're interested.

In my opinion, one of the most important functions of any new-wave mag is to inform, on events, arts, etc., and especially music. To this end, I find your Vinyl Verdict rather a letdown. Your writers don't seem to actually analyse the music recorded on the LPs; instead, they always seem to concentrate on a potted history of the band in question (i.e. the B.A.D. review in your March issue.) Not one clear-cut reference to music.

I'm not suggesting you carry out a marketing exercise to try and sell the records, but at least give the prospective punters some idea on what they might be buying.

On the whole I find *Discorder* a refreshing publication, although, obviously, due to the physical distance, I do find some of the articles a little difficult to relate to (CITR Radio, etc.)

Reading the "Roving Ear of Emma Peel" in London was quite interesting, I never thought of Camden Town as the cultural centre of London, but opinions differ. It is true, the Ballroom is at the forefront of the alternative scene, but I feel her portrayal of leather-clad punks leading the way to be a little simplistic. True, that is one aspect of the London music scene, if you care to take that approach, but there are so many more diverse things going on at the moment. There has been an incredible surge in the appearance of one-off nightclubs

such as Raw in Tottenham Court Road or there is the better-known Fridge in Brixton, the Apollo (as mentioned) and even the Camden Palace on its better nights. But jazz is surging in popularity; every major club worth noting has at least two jazz sessions each week from The Way to the 100 Club. They've been taken over by slick-cut trends bored with the monotonous tones of the synths. When one says punk is dying out there will always be someone to leap in its defence, so let us say that the image has somewhat mellowed. The only 'punks' you see now are those nefarious creatures that inhabit the Kings Road, begging money to fund their habits or posing for photographs with anxious, thrill-seeking tourists. The true punks of '76 are ten years older now and have redirected their experiences and talents into other fields.

Everyone foreign thinks London is still the centre for the punk industry, but all that's left now is a bunch of attention seekers carrying on something that they were never a part of anyway. The Jesus & Mary Chain have got spikey hair but there's no way you could call them punks.

I'm sure you've had insider's opinions to London before so I apologize if I've gone on a bit, but I feel it's a point I should get over.

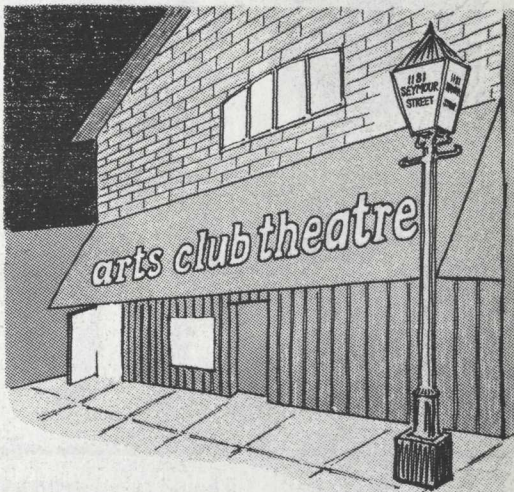
Now back to the much more important topic of *Discorder*. To conclude, MORE music, arts, Armchair Eye (brill!), gig reviews, and please, for your lone reader in Basingstoke, Hampshire, a few more names I might have heard of!! Who the hell are the U-Men? I suppose, as I've said, it's up to you to inform.

Keep dishing it out,
ADM



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NIRVANA

IS JUST AROUND THE CORNER



— Brian Lynch

SCENE I: SUMMER 1985. TWO YOUNG WOMEN, ONE WITH A GUITAR, THE OTHER an accordion, are street-busking on Granville Island. People are drawn to them and at one point the police ask the women to leave because they've drawn such a large crowd that traffic was being disrupted.

Scene II: New Year's Eve '85. The Railway Club. The same two, now calling themselves The Crimpolines and with a new-found three-piece band behind them, open for the Jazzmanian Devils. The audience is charmed by their entertaining blend of satire, wit, visual buffoonery, and professional musicianship.

Cut to: Whitehorse, Yukon. February 1986. After laying waste to Nelson and Kaslo, B.C., The Crimpolines, Rita and Ginny, are the toast of the annual Frostbite Festival, which features among other musical guests, Amos Garrett, Rick Scott, and Skinny Puppy. Several mad trappers' hearts are broken when they leave. On their way back to Vancouver, they decide to devastate Nelson again, completely annihilating any non-believers who may have been left in the area. Then it's on to Calgary, where a screaming horde of 10,000 well-wishers are on hand at the airport. "What Flames," shouts one of them above the din. "We're here to see The Crimpolines!"

Fade to: May 2, 1986. Vancouver, B.C. The Crimpolines are on hand for the opening of Expo 86. It's rumoured that their inclusion at the last minute was at the Royal insistence of none other than Prince Charles and Princess Diana. When queried on this point, all officials involved were keeping very tight-lipped. Expo chairman Jimmy Pattison says, "Ah, gee. I dunno. Maybe."

YOU MAY HAVE SEEN THE CRIMPOLINES by now, and may be familiar with the "ultra tacky Value Village-on-a-bad-day" outfits and props, the slick harmonizing and song stylings, and their wise-cracking rapport with the audience. But just who are these two? Rita Book (Sandy Scofield), vocals, guitar; and Ginny Tonic (Karen Anderson), accordion, vocals, are accomplished musicians as well as being comedienne, artists, seamstresses, and good cooks. Their band is named after a 1960's man-made clothing material, "like nylon only thicker, spongier; garishly coloured, smelly, very synthetic, and very flammable," boasts Rita.

Guitarist and vocalist extraordinaire Rita grew up in Windsor, Ontario, and as a teenager she was surrounded by the Motown scene, dressing up and miming to Diana Ross in her livingroom mirror. It was during this period that she discovered she had 'a voice' and decided to learn guitar and piano. She moved to Vancouver in 1975 and continued songwriting as a compliment to her visual artwork. After performing at local coffeehouses, Rita took three years at the V.C.C. music programme, studying jazz and R & B. From 1980-83 she was a key member of the local C & W group Red Tucker and the Rhythm Ramblers. She opened for other artists, did studio sessions, and performed in various venues doing her own material, and with a backup band. It was at V.C.C. that she first met Ginny Tonic.

The Crimpolines on Expo, Ice Cream, and Haute Couture.

Accordion-toting Ginny is from Surrey, B.C., "and I'm darn proud of it!" she snorts. Known as the barefoot bassplayer in her high school band, she went on to be the keyboardist in such local outfits as Suntone, Sandy and the Originals, Form 5, Decca Dolla, and Bamf. Whipping out her trusty accordion, which she learned to play at age 11, Ginny also performed with the Rosy Cheeks Goodtime Band, an acoustic, traditional music ensemble.

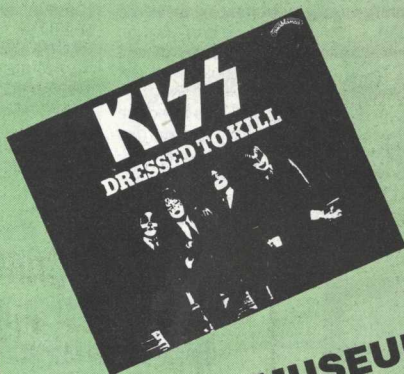
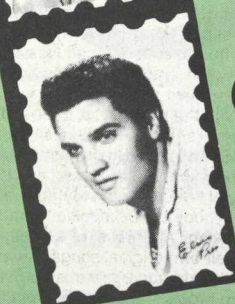
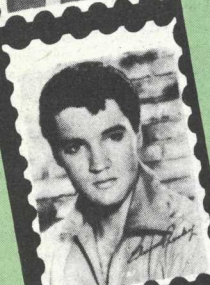
Originally intending to start a lounge act, which led to busking, which led to The Crimpolines, Rita and Ginny have now teamed up with guitarist Steven Nikleva, bassist Martin Walton and drummer Steve Lazin, all three members of 1984 Shindig winners Red Herring. With the new lineup, the band performs material ranging from 1926's "St. Louis Blues" to "Strangers In The Night," "Arrividerci Roma" to "Your Cheatin' Heart," and from a 60's medley of "Secret Agent Man/Hawaii Five-0" to the "Whoop De Doo Polka," sung in Czechoslovakian. All this is, of course, highlighted by their own original songs, and punctuated with deft humour. Up to this point there has been no problem with conflicts of interest between the two bands, and while Ginny and Rita still perform the odd show as a duo, it is with the full lineup that they want to record and present themselves to record companies.

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Some interest has already been shown by *MuchMusic*, who were airing a short blurb of the girls, taken from their February 14th appearance with Bolero Lava and Rhythm Mission at U.B.C.

So the Crimps appear destined to rule the world, but are they maybe just a bit too campy for their own good? "Well, that's a subjective opinion," offers Rita, who feels the band has sufficient serious original material and are musically competent enough on the off-the-wall tunes that "too campy" doesn't really apply. We can't, it appears, judge this Book by her covers. "Besides, fuck 'em if they can't take a joke," she laughs. "Let's get the marshmallows out," smirks Ginny.

On a more serious note, The Crimpolines are aware of the audiences' tendency to compare them to k.d. lang. I was actually guilty of this first impression myself, but after catching their show a few times, the uniqueness of their performance became apparent. But what do they think of the parallels drawn?

Rita explains: "It's quite a compliment, and yet I would hope that people could hear my voice for it's own qualities; or that the group's overall sound is a unique one in terms of what each player is bringing to it, especially Ginny's accordion work. But I have to admit it's inevitable there's going to be that association. We're approaching our performance from the same principles. I think that's where the comparisons come in; she does off-the-wall stuff, she does grassroots stuff, there's costuming involved..."

"She's a woman," chimes in Ginny. Rita agrees.

"Right. She's a woman, fronting a band;

she's uninhibited on stage, and what she does is in the realm of performance art. But I think what we're doing is different. It may take a second look to see that."

So after shrugging off the first two charges, the girls respond to the "What about Expo?" question. "Listen," says Rita, "the time to have refuted Expo was long ago, probably before the public even knew about it, and I realize that the other side of the argument is, well if you're participating in it, it's like condoning it. However, politics aside, it's much better for the little guy to be able to have a cut on it...artists, regardless of that their medium is, than for them (Expo) to be importing entertainment or visual artists or anybody; that would be the ultimate insult, if the local people were completely cut out of it. From an artistic point of view, there's tremendous advantages from doing it. The reality is, you do have to make a living and if you have a craft and you want to pursue that..."

"And it's going to help us survive the summer for sure," adds Ginny, "because the amount of gigs we can get at the point we're at now, and the venues we can play at, would not make us a living; and if we can't live on what we're doing, and put all our energy into it, it can't advance. And hopefully we'll get good sunbans."

The promise of Expo dollars has lured the girls for the most part away from their former day jobs. Ginny used to sustain herself working at the Ridge, slinging cappuccinos at L' espresso, and still does flyer deliveries the odd time. Rita, who is also the band's manager, made futons for two years, and now slings donuts at Nuffy's.

So what lies ahead for the Crimpoids? (Crimpolines?... Crimpoloons?...) "We're going to have more original material," says Ginny. "But we'll always have the good tasty covers that we really dig in our repertoire," she reassures us. "I'm sure we'll do more as time goes along, because there's a lot of tunes that we could...ah...you know... 'Crimpolinize'." Her grin has an ever-so-subtle hint of evil. Her eyes twinkle. Already there are some who believe Ginny's accordion is nuclear-powered.

I suppose this article wouldn't be complete without talking about the outfits Ginny and Rita sport onstage, so to satisfy all the women who have been demanding to know, I inquired as to how the two go about acquiring their 'haute couture'. "We actually do make most of what we wear," assures Ginny. Talented little devils.

So when can the general public look forward to being able to purchase a piece of Crimpolines' vinyl (and we're not talking about their handbags here)? "The fall!" the two sing in unison; probably in the form of an EP, depending on how things go for them this summer, and how much money they can scrape together. Following the EP release, look for a major tour. As for upcoming dates, "we're really swamped," confides Rita. They were off to Calgary and Edmonton last month and plan a multitude of performances at Expo, both as a band and as a duo, throughout the summer—check local entertainment guides for exact times and locations—and a return to gigging locally at clubs again around the beginning of September. "COMING SOON TO A BOWLADROME OR LAUNDRYMAT NEAR YOU!"



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One final note: on the subject of ice-cream, Ginny tells us that her favorite is maple walnut, because "it reminds me of this stuff I used to lick off the leaves of trees after it rained when I was about six." She goes on to assure us it wasn't "bird poo," thereby answering Rita's remark before she has a chance to make it. And Rita? "Ever since I was a little girl, I've always been partial to Sour Cream and Onion flavoured ice-cream. It's very good with beer."

These are The Crimpolines. All they want is Nirvana. (And a date.)

The Crimpolines wish to thank the nice people who gave them party-hose at their April 23rd gig at the Railway Club. And if anybody out there has any white vinyl wet-look go-go boots, "please, please! Give them to us!" Rita is size 9 and Ginny is 12.

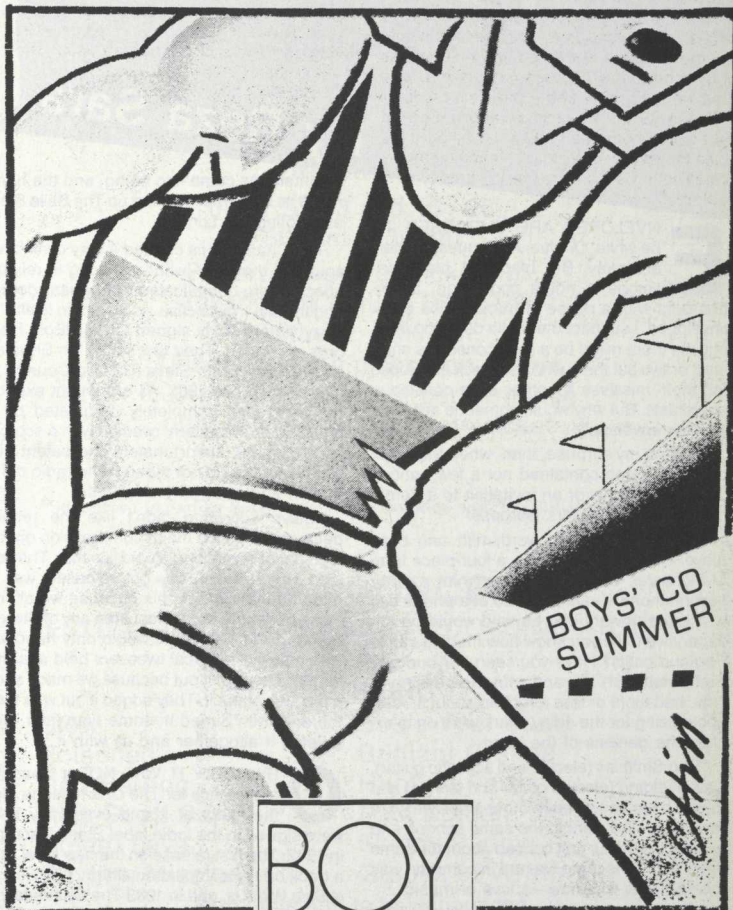
—Terry Walker

SOME ADVICE FOR GIRLS FROM THE CRIMPOLINES.

- Keep your lips together.
- Don't wear real heavy earrings.
- Be yourself. Trying to act like someone else will never make you popular.
- Don't try to live on just Kraft Dinner and tube steaks.
- Don't drop out. Make sure you get that High School diploma.
- The way to be popular and get a boyfriend is to be yourself.
- If you're handy with a needle and thread, you can sew for versatility.
- Be confident. Several times a day, say to yourself, "There's nothing I can't do."
- Take up bowling.
- Take some correspondence courses: hair-dressing, typing, playing guitar, interior decorating, flower arranging.
- Don't be afraid of leg stubble.
- One thing to look for in a roommate: Can they play Bingo?
- It's hard being a trendsetter. Don't be disappointed if you are one.
- Try not to intimidate people with your bad taste.
- If you're thinking about going into show business, looks aren't that important, although height and weight are. People don't pay to see those little bulges.
- Don't be offended by things like callouses, sweat, mud, dust, or occasional swearing. (Sometimes when she gets mad, Rita cusses too.)
- The way to kill cockroaches is to be yourself.
- To improve your conversation techniques, try reading Safeway flyers.
- To improve your posture, sleep with a book on your head.
- Spot removal: If you spill some wine on your lap (while your legs are together, and you're being yourself), just sprinkle some salt on it, and the stain will come out.



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The Chameleons
Manchester, England

A LETTER FROM A LIZARD

By Reza Sara

ENVELOPES ARE SUPPOSED TO be white. Or blue. And I guess pastels are okay. But black? A black envelope is not a good sign. Letter-bombers with a sense of humour use black envelopes, I suspect the Mafia does too. And I guess there might be a style-conscious anarchist or two out there who use black envelopes for their missives to other style-conscious anarchists. But why would someone send me a black envelope?

Imagine my surprise, then, when the small black envelope contained not a few ounces of high explosive or an invitation to a demo, but a letter from Mark Burgess.

Mark is the singer, wordsmith and bass player of The Chameleons, a four-piece from Manchester, England. I'd sent him a letter several months earlier, in lieu of a phone call which the powers that be said would be too expensive ("Do you know how much a call to England costs? Have you seen our budget? Blah, blah blah..."), and with the passing of time, had more or less forgotten about it. After apologizing for the delay, Mark went on to explain the genesis of the band.

"Reg Smithies (electric and acoustic guitar), Dave Fielding (electric guitar and strings) and myself have known each other since we were very small. We went to the same school, and all went to see our first concert about the same time, 1972. The thing we had in common was the same as it is now—a love of music..."

They went their separate ways for a while, and each was in one different group during this period ("we've been assured that it will remain a secret providing we all keep up the payments...") of learning to play music. Years after, they met up at a local college where The Fall were playing a gig, and there they decided to form a band. With the addition of John Lever on drums ("due to the high cost of kits 'round here drummers are becoming something of an endangered species..."), The

Chameleons came into being, and the band made its live debut backing up The Belle Stars at a college in London.

The Chameleons created a very distinctive sound of their own without having to rely on effects more complicated than guitar delays and the like ("distinctive...is an aim in itself..."). They were quickly signed to CBS/Epic Records in London. Their first single "In Shreds" was recorded with Steve (U2, Big Country...) Lillywhite in late 1981. As one might expect, the song was completely dominated by a crashing drum pattern, overlaid with a scorching guitar riff. Unfortunately, the patent Lillywhite sound did not mean world radio domination and fat royalty cheques...

"Steve Lillywhite didn't like the record because it had too much compression on the high-hat or something stupid like that. The version which eventually got released was a fifteen-minute rough mix because we all felt that it had more excitement than any of Steve's mega-mixes. CBS/Epic would only handle it with a pair of surgical tweezers held at arm's length. They put it out because we made such a big fuss about it. They edged it out with their toe and then buried it; some time later they deleted it altogether and us with it."

OBVIOUSLY IT WAS NOT a pleasant experience for The Chameleons. But they kept at it and eventually they were signed to the indie label Statik Records in 1982. The first release on the new label was a track on the compilation album *Your Secret is Safe With Us*, and in 1983 The Chameleons debut full-length record *The Script of the Bridge* was released. The debut album's opening track was the driving "Don't Fall," featuring an odd combination of soaring music and lyrics that explored the dark side of human thoughts. Twelve songs later the record is brought to a fitting close with the dream-like "View From a Hill." Sandwiched in between are rough-edged rock songs infused with life and vitality. But *Script* was not recorded without some difficulty.

"...The studio kept falling to bits around us, but we had a lot of fun making it. The only reason we were able to get results in the place was because, having recorded all our demos there with (producer) Colin Richardson, we knew the place inside out. We wanted to go to a better studio but Statik pleaded poverty so we just got on with it. I'm happy to say that the studio was bought by Pete Hook of New Order, re-equipped and is once more active. The studio's now been named Suite Sixteen."

The album wasn't a huge commercial success (although it was released in Canada with four fewer tracks) and it was two years before The Chameleons released any new material. In 1985 the very rare "In Shreds" single was re-issued on Statik with a different sleeve and a bonus track from the Lillywhite session. It was re-issued due to "...lots of letters, people mithering for copies at gigs and dodgy people selling them for 20-30 Pounds..." And this time it was something of a hit. The middle of 1985 saw the release of The Chameleons second album *What Does Anything Mean? Basically*. Finally the band got the attention they deserved and *Basically* was treated to critical acclaim and chart success.

The new album retained Colin Richardson on production but was recorded at a better studio—Highland in Inverness, Scotland. *Basically* showed an overall refinement of the band's sound, while losing none of the drive so evident on The Chameleons' previous work. Songs like "Home is Where The Heart Is" and "P.S. Goodbye" contained richly layered electric and acoustic guitars and string arrangements. In addition, the first 10,000 copies of *Basically* included a gate-fold sleeve with video portraits and a poem by Mark called *So This is the Jet Age*. Oddly enough, though, *Script* remains Mark's favourite album.

"Basically has a lot of good points but having to make an LP just to get away from a label is not an ideal atmosphere for making great records, which is all we've ever wanted to do."

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On the insert to *Basically* there is an acknowledgement to BBC's John Peel, the man responsible for breaking an incredible number of bands. In 1982 Peel broadcast some demos by The Chameleons, and re-recorded versions of the demos eventually turned up on the second album. "Had it not been for John Peel I doubt that we would be making records today." Which brings us up to the present activities of The Chameleons...

"We signed with Geffen Records (distributors of Lloyd Cole and also Siouxsie in Canada) just before Christmas and we've been writing and recording new songs with a producer called David Allen. In the past he's worked with The Sisters of Mercy and, more actively, The Cure. So far we've finished four tracks."

So it seems big things are in store for The Chameleons. They hope to tour this side of the Atlantic soon, which would surely help make them something more of a household name here in Canada.

And as for what message, if any, The Chameleons may have for the world...Burgess has no absolute answer.

"My lyrics are simply thoughts set to music and only God knows where they come from. Some are emotional, some are observational, and some are prophetic. As a person and a lyricist I'm influenced by the same things almost everyone else is, i.e., the people that they find themselves surrounded by and the environment that they find themselves in. Personally, I've never placed much importance on the meaning of lyrics, I mean, the lyric to "Drive-in Saturday" is quite brilliant, but I've no idea what it's supposed to mean. I mean, what does anything mean? Basically.

"Perhaps all art is trying to say is, 'I exist.' Or perhaps it is a basic desire within us all to express the inexpressable. On that thought, I think I'll go to bed. Goodnight."

GONZO BUT NOT FO

HST ON.....

HOPE

FOR A CHANGE IN CAMPUS

APATHY AND CONSERVATISM

Any hope for you people, is that what is, real fast? No time to analyze this. "Is there any hope for me?" Well, no, not in the near future, I don't think so. This will be known as a generation of those who mumbled and shook their heads and said, "Yeah gods." No, you'll get your chance. I take that back. In two years there's going to be such a mangled, rotten, cheap, ugly, unprincipled and really embarrassing presidential election that you may finally have to make your choice in a democracy: is it better to vote or let the rats run off with it? There's nobody who maintains anything in politics in the country except that we're in serious trouble and that the stock market still goes up and we know that Reagan will get out, he'll go back to the mountain. But Ed Meese will be there and Bill Casey will be there. It's a profit-taking, though, it's like sacking the shop as it goes down.

HST ON..... THE

1988

U.S. PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION

1988 is going to matter. There are watersheds; some elections matter, some don't. We've gone through having this actor, a very good politician, let's not forget that, but the next one that comes along will be a definitive choice if only because you're going to have to explain it to people. There was an election in 1960 that a generation of people defined themselves on as whether they voted for Kennedy or Nixon. It was like Kurt Waldheim —where were you in 1943?

HST ON.....

AS HST IN

MURRAY

WHERE THE BUFFALO ROAM

It was silly. He did not a bad job on the portrayal, I guess, but I found the whole thing silly. But, it's amazing: we were friends before and we're still friends. And that's odd, because it's strange to be friends with someone who does something like that to you. He's a good actor. He's one of the best. But it was a warped thing that he did.

SAY WHATEVER YOU WANT ABOUT the man, Dr. Hunter S. Thompson is an original. He appeared on the scene in the mid 1960s writing first for Scanlans Monthly and then for the budding, then-radical Rolling Stone, for whom he did the bulk of his work. Flaunting the conventions of journalism, he became part of his stories: getting whipped like a cur while writing his breakthrough book on the Hell's Angels, chronicling his own massive pharmaceutical intake while in search of the American dream in Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas, talking football in the back of a limo with fellow fan and arch-nemesis Richard Nixon in Fear and Loathing on the Campaign Trail '72.

Thompson was not a traditional reporter: invisible, objective, an observer. He kicked his way into his stories, influenced them, turning even the most mundane assignments into a vicious, twisted road trip into the American psyche. Nobody really remembers why Thompson went to Las Vegas; what stands out are the book's opening lines: "It was just out of Barstow, on the edge of the desert, when the drugs began to take hold..."

Like most originals Thompson spawned a pack of imitators. Every fledgling student journalist had a crack at gonzo journalism, and who could blame them? Here was a man showing that you could cover a story while wired to the eyeballs on crystal mescaline and do it better than the guy in the frumpy tweed jacket scratching furiously in his notebook. What most of the imitators forgot was that underneath the chemical stew Thompson was a good journalist. He did his homework before he did acid. He worked hard, he dug, and he made sense, albeit in his own weird way.

By the mid 1970s, however, Thompson faded from view. He was still in the public eye thanks to Gary Trudeau's recreation of him as Duke in the Doonsbury comic strip and Bill Murray's portrayal of him in the film Where the Buffalo Roam, but the real Dr. Thompson was reportedly locked away in his home in the tiny community of Woody Creek, Colorado, just outside of Aspen. There was the odd, lacklustre piece for Rolling Stone, an occasional appearance on the college lecture tour (at a reported \$5,000 a crack), and, of course, the rumours about his lifestyle continued. Stories about Thompson read like pharmaceutical handbooks. He was said to have shot at visitors to his Woody Creek spread. In spite of all the talk, the temptation when talking about the good Doctor was to use the past tense.

Until this year. This year Thompson returned to print with a syndicated column in the San Francisco Chronicle, there were rumours of a forthcoming book chronicling his job as the night manager of O'Farrells Theatre, an X-rated porn theatre in San Francisco. The Dean of gonzo journalism was back.

EVEN AFTER 25 YEARS IN
HUNTER S. THOMPSON STI
TROUBLE MEETING DEADLI



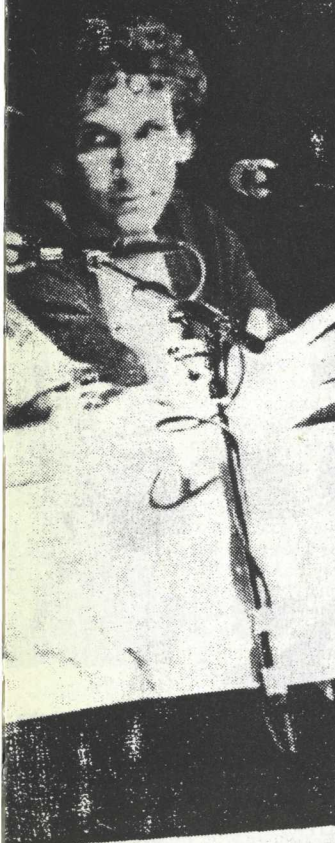
STOP
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THE BUSINESS,
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So when it was announced that Thompson would be speaking at the University of Western Washington on May 31, a group of intrepid Disorder staffers piled into a VW van and drove down to Bellingham to catch the action.

Rolling into the University of Western Washington it's hard to believe that it's a university and not some country club asylum for the brain-dead children of America's idle rich. No towering brick residences here, Jack. This place has condos. Green rolling hills pockmarked by cul-de-sacs. The pastel and polo shirt dress code is strictly enforced. You get the feeling everyone here is blond and tanned and voted for Reagan in the last election cause he seems like such a nice man and, well, "Mondale just doesn't act like a leader. I mean, like, he's such a wimp."

Granted, this entirely subjective opinion could be completely off base. UWW could be a bastion of campus radicalism. But I doubt it. First of all, there is no bar on campus. This may not seem like a big deal to some of you, but when you've spent an hour waiting for a noted substance abuser to drag his ragged ass into the lecture hall, a beer seems like an absolutely vital item. Second of all, when my travelling companion enquired after the absence of drinking facilities on campus, he ventured to ask whether UWW was a "Christian campus." He was told that "some of it is." Not the most encouraging answer in this age of evangelical America.

HST ON DRUGS.

...Where did you say you had those mushrooms?

...It would seem real smart to say that cocaine will enjoy more massive use and that this crack thing is today's herpes drug. But what we're going to see—and I say this because I know people in the business, in Haight-Ashbury, people who are really concerned about it—heroin is where the drug trade is going right now. I deplore that. If you're talking to the bettors in the marketplace, it would have been coke five years ago, but crack is just bullshit. Smack is the one. I don't know why but smack is the most popular, hippest drug across the board in all the places where people gauge these things. It goes hand in hand with the political attitude in a way. Smack goes along with the apathy, and the "Let me out of this politics" thing. It may be an argument for being a real junkie and never going anywhere near politics. William Burroughs did it for a long time. Here's a man, one of the most honorable men in American literature, who's been consistent, and a junkie, and one of the most intelligent anti-politicians ...no one else has made sense like that. But crack is the drug of publicity right now, PCP was like that for a while, but smack is the one. And I don't like that. ...Where have all the pure drugs gone? Used to be able to go to the drug store and buy five cartons of amyls for \$12.95.

HST ON..... RICHARD NIXON

...Boy, I've seen Richard Nixon in times when there was no rule, and no law, and no possibility and he could do anything, like cross off a street in downtown Manchester, New Hampshire. The idea that Richard Nixon in 1968 would ever run for anything ever again... Here was a man who in 1963 shook his fist at the press and said "You bastards, you swine, you've done it for the last time to me. You won't have Richard Nixon to kick around anymore." That was the only race Richard Nixon ever lost in public life. And he quit. You don't have to believe in ghosts. If you believe in the power in politics, and you know a real pro when you see one...eh...it's like the coach of the Milwaukee Bucks said after Boston thrashed 'em—"those young men should understand what a privilege it is to play with Larry Bird," and, in a darker sense, I understand it was a privilege to play politics with Richard Nixon. And we're not finished yet. As long as that bastard's alive he is on the wall. He has long claws. Because nobody else cares, and he does care. You see a man who cares? George Bush is nothing. He doesn't care about anything at all. He's just a lizard who got too fat in the sun. Reagan's an actor, and they're evil people, you've got Meese in there, but nobody else cares like Richard Nixon cares. You laugh now, but you'll see—the mother will be with us.

I'd make him a winter book 18-1 favorite, despite all the laws.

HST BY CD
& Jacques

Thompson finally arrived an hour and a half late, nattily attired in a fishing cap, sunglasses and wrinkled shirt and pants. After a brief apology for his lateness, and a complaint about the general hostility of the world on that particular day, Thompson opened the floor to questions. The next hour ranged from the incomprehensible to the inane. The good Doctor was asked about American politics, drugs, pro basketball, drugs, Richard Nixon, drugs. He mumbled in reply, sometimes articulately, sometimes rambling, making strange digressions, connections, accusations, as if trying to explain to himself why these fresh young things, the hope of America, were asking him who they should vote for or how to combat their own apathy. It was a weird evening.

We managed to salvage these comments from it.

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ROCK MUSICAL DOUBLE FEATURE

"FABULOUS STAINS" AT 3:30, 6:45 and 10:00

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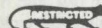
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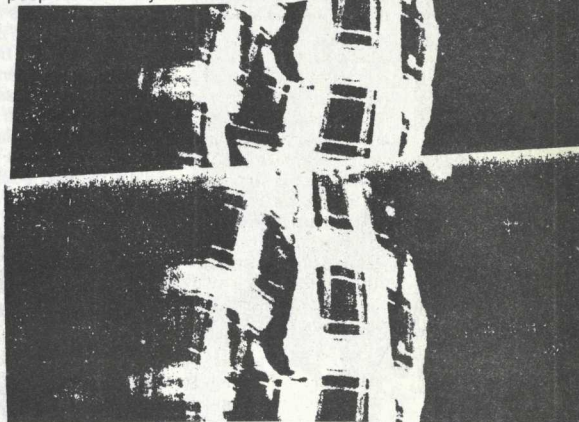
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HST ON..... THE HELLS ANGELS TODAY

// I haven't talked to them lately...Sonny (Berger, Angel's leader and the focus on Thompson's book *Hell's Angels*) has retired from that league now. Those boys have gotten real serious. Sonny was of the golden age of bikers. He was part of it when it was fun. These guys are very serious criminals now. They don't mind admitting it and they're better at it. There aren't too many retired Hell's Angels; it doesn't go with the territory. Well, that used to be true. The dramatic sort of James Dean or Brando thing is pretty well gone now. They don't even wear their colours any more; it's big business. To see a Hell's Angel with his colours on the street on a bike in the Bay Area is really rare now. I miss it, it's one of those pure statements. We're in the '80s now—not too many people want to fly their colours.\\



HST ON.... GARY TRUDEAU'S USE



OF HST'S AS A MODEL FOR DUKE



IN DOONSBURY

HST ON

// Oh Lord. That's a curse that I've learned to live with. As a child people had notions of what they wanted to be when they grew up. Some wanted to be a fireman, cops, soldiers, sheepherders, god knows what. But nobody wanted to be a comic-strip character. Li'l Abner was not much admired. If you ask Trudeau it was a goofy happenstance...I don't know. I just learned to live with it, like having herpes III or something. For a while you call a doctor and say "Ye gods, what can I do about this thing," after a while you just don't mention it anymore. I don't have many people I can share that ugly thing with. I just take it as one more curse. \\

**HST ON...
HIS JOB AS A NIGHT MANAGER OF
O'FARREL'S PORN THEATRE IN
SAN FRANCISCO**

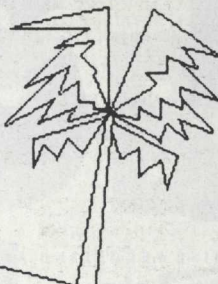
It's amazing how fast you get completely blind to working with naked people...uh... women. There are no men. I didn't make the policy but I approve of it. In a hardcore sex club, given the choice, I'd keep the men out. It gets mean in New York. I would defend the O'Farrel as the Carnegie Hall of public sex in America. I had the choice of quitting and denouncing the boys, the Mitchell Brothers, or taking my job back, which I'm going to do. There are some ships worth going down with and I'll do that with the Mitchell Brothers. I wouldn't do that with anybody who was into the kiddie-porn business or all that stuff (U.S. Attorney-General Ed) Meese is laying on us, that sex leads to violence. If sex leads to violence I wouldn't be sitting here tonight, I don't think. This was the same Ed Meese who was implicated in the Vicki Morgan tapes with, what's his name, Bloomingdale. It insults me that Meese would say that the country's gone mad with sex, leading to violence. I'm not going to defend grabbing little children off the street and putting them in porno films, but that's crazy from what I've seen in this business. It's a bunch of goofballs, the sort of people who would be owning minor league baseball and not making them pay. But it's a nasty sort of track to get on, where the Attorney-General equates sex, violence, and the screwing of children. It's insulting. That's why I'm still in the business: it's more of a civil rights' issue than anything to do with sex.

HST ON NICARAGUA AND MEXICO

Nicaragua is the last civilized choice we're going to get. Right underneath us we've got the biggest social volcano in the world: Mexico. Mexico has, what, 42 million people and 18 million of them are unemployed and most of them hate our guts or could be made to by the first person like Daniel Ortega who comes along. There is no more dangerous social situation in the world and all we do is call them twisted dope fiends. Which is why Nicaragua should be watched; because if we can't deal with Nicaragua we sure as hell can't deal with Mexico. We'll get involved, but it won't be a principled involvement. It'll be a dumb and bungly involvement. There's no threat from those people down there but we'll get involved because there's no way to cope with it.

Well, right now, the trouble with journalism now is that it's not fun. If this sounds frivolous, think whatever you want. But you don't get into journalism for money; most likely you'll just pay your rent; very few people, even the best editors and writers do more. And when I say fun I'm talking about looking at Richard Nixon in November of 1972 and saying "that swine, that bastard, how could any evil man like that become president." I remember watching television and thinking that's the crookedest son of a bitch I've ever seen in my life. What does this mean for me? And I remember thinking, ah ha, he is so crooked we can get him. And we did get him. He was right. He claimed the liberals and the maniacs and the people with personal grudges came after him and got him. He was right. It had to be done. And that's fun.

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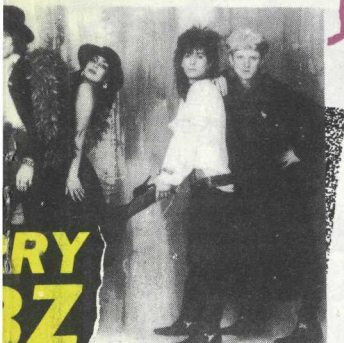
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JULY 31

Luvafair

BEHIND THE DIAL

AMARC 2

LE DEUXIEME Assemblee Mondiale des Artisans des Radios de Type Communautaire (also known as AMARC 2) will take place in Vancouver from July 25-29 at Britannia Centre, 1661 Napier St.

Yeah. So?

Well, AMARC 2 is the largest gathering of community and campus broadcasters in the world. Participants will be coming from Canada, the United States, Africa, Central and South America, and the Philippines. They'll be discussing topics like the role of radio in revolution, peace programming, audio mail-art, women's programming, and the role of community radio around the world. There will be guest speakers, shops, socials, and, if AMARC 1 was any indication, some interesting discussion on the role of radio in the world today.

Yeah. So?

Well, if you'd snap yourself out of your insular world for just a fraction of a second you might realize that this thing might be of some interest to you. If you listen to the radio, this is an ideal opportunity to see what radio can be. Even if you don't want to attend the con-

ference you can participate by volunteering or offering your humble dwelling as a billet for one of the participants. Hell, you might even meet someone interesting.

And even if you're only slightly curious you can find out more about radio by attending the public forum July 27 at Britannia High School. Admission is free and the forum will feature speakers on Latin American radio, Native radio, and women's radio in Scandinavia. Organizers are also hoping for participants from Nicaragua and the African National Congress.

Okay. Calm down. Sounds interesting. At least more interesting than the Challenge B.C. pavilion. What's the poop on the AMARC thing then?

You can find out more by phoning AMARC at 253-0427 or by attending the volunteer meeting, July 22 at Britannia Centre.

CITR Presents

JULY 4 54-40 celebrate the release of their first record with Warner Brothers Records with a show at the Commodore. A special invitation to this American Independence Day show has been sent to former U.S. President James Polk, who coined the phrase "54° 40' or Fight." Also appearing will be the Woodentops and Roots Roundup. Bring your iguanas.

July 19 The Cramps will attempt, once again, to answer that age-old question, "What's Inside A Girl?" in a show at the Thunderbird Arena. Join Lux, Ivy and Nick for an evening of unforgivable bad taste, feedback, and gold lame. Rounding out the bill will be Slow.

July 20 GBH headline an evening of very loud music and random, meaningless violence (we hope not) at the New York Theatre. Also contributing to the carnage will be New York's Cro Mags and, from Los Angeles, St. Vitus.

Attendance, as always, is compulsory.

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PARTY TIME

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- 7:30 am **Sign-On**
 8:00 am **WAKE-UP REPORT**
 News, sports and weather.
 10:00 am **BREAKFAST REPORT**
 News, sports and weather followed by **GENERIC REVIEW AND INSIGHT**.
 12:00 pm **HIGH PROFILE**.
 1:00 pm **LUNCH REPORT**
 News, sports and weather.
 3:00 pm **AFTERNOON SPORTSBREAK**
 5:00 pm **DINNER MAGAZINE**
 News, sports and weather followed by **GENERIC REVIEWS, INSIGHT** and a **DAILY FEATURE**.
 4:00 am **Sign-Off**

WEEKDAY HIGHLIGHTS

MONDAYS

SOUNDTRAK

10:30-11:30 am

Theatre-style radio incorporating the voice, music, and other permutable sounds. Produced by ESI.

THE BLUES SHOW

8:00-9:00 pm

Can blue men sing the whites? Join host Eric Von Schlippen to find out.

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9:00 pm-12:30 am

Vancouver's longest-running prime time Jazz program, featuring all the classic players, the occasional interview, and local music news. Hosted by the ever-suave Gavin Walker. Album Features: 11:00 pm.

07 July **Booker Ervin**—*The Freedom Book*. The late Booker Ervin (d.1969) was one of the most individual and powerful tenor saxophonists in Jazz. This is one of his best recordings.

14 July **Duke Ellington** at Fargo (1940). The Ellington Band reached the highest peak of musicality in 1940. Hear how this great band sounded at a concert dance at Fargo, North Dakota in 1940.

21 July **Mingus at Antilles** (1960). A "live" recording by one of **Charles Mingus'** best bands from his first European tour. Hear Mingus, Erick Dolphy, Booker Ervin, etc.

28 July **Out Of The Blue**. One of the best new pure Jazz groups. All young men under 25. If you are wondering about the future and the direction of Jazz, here is a real answer.

TUESDAYS

THE FOLK SHOW

8:00-9:30 pm

Host Steve Edge continues to upset people

by persevering in his solo crusade for roots-oriented music on CITR! July sees the start of Canada's folk festival season and we will have reports from 2 of the nation's largest & most prestigious events, the Winnipeg & Vancouver festivals. Other scheduled features are—

- 01 July Canada's birthday, so we have Canada's finest folk band **Spirit of the West** with a selection of their material, including excerpts from their new LP *Tripping Up the Stairs*.
 08 July A live performance by **Christine Collister & Clive Gregson**, 2 members of Richard Thompson's band, recorded in England Spring '86.
 15 July Vancouver Folk Festival preview starring **Albion Band, Crossman/Renbourn** etc., but not **Spirit of the West**. WHY?
 22 July **JSD Band**, one of the finest & least well-known bands of the U.K.'s folk-rock explosion of the 70s.
 29 July **Triona Ni Dhomnaill**. One of Ireland's finest singers. We trace her career from the seminal Bothy Band, Touchstone and her latest recorded project *Relativity*, with Silly Wizard's Cunningham brothers.

BUNKUM OBSCURA

9:30-11:00 pm

A drop on the end of a needle reflects the world around it as well as a virgin's tear.

LOVE PEACE AND VIOLENCE

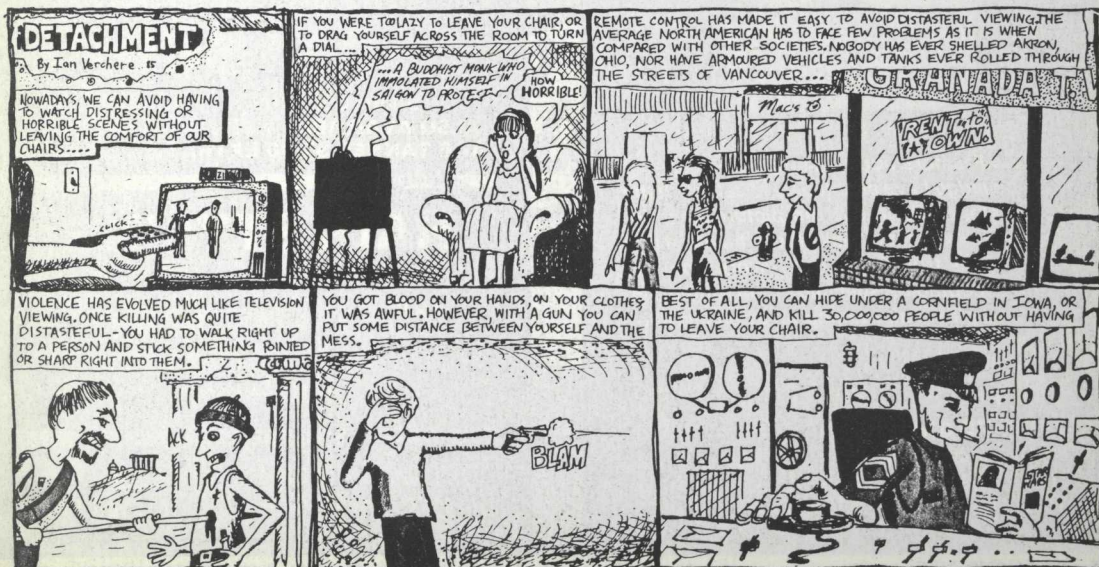
11:00 pm-1:00 am

An earnest effort to resolve 7,000 years of passion, sedation and empty threats (read civilization), featuring live sex, tape loops, simulated drug taking and lots of normal music. "Some things are so stupid that they must be done." E. Raoul

PLAYLOUD

Late night 1:00-4:00 am

Psychic disease, disastrous medical conditions and the experience of nervous systems in borderline situations. Aural surgery performed by Larry Thiessen.



01 July The Culling
08 July Nekrophile Records...with readings
 from The Church of 2CRIL.
 (Originally scheduled in May.)
15, 22, 29 July — TBA

WEDNESDAYS

VANCOUVER INSTITUTE
10:30-11:30 am

JUST LIKE WOMEN
5:15-6 pm

Tune in for 45 minutes of invigorating and stimulating interviews, news and music. For anyone interested in women's issues or learning more about them.

THE AFRICAN SHOW
8:00-9:30 pm

Catch the latest in African news and Music with Umerah Patrick Oukulu and Todd Langmuir. News at 8:30. Special feature weekly at 9:00. Onward-Harambe.

THE KNIGHT AFTER
Midnight to 4:00 am

Music to clobber Yuppies by—featuring radio shows traded with alternative stations in Europe and the U.S. This show will really mess up your BMW!

THURSDAYS

PARTY WITH ME, PUNKER!
3:00-5:00 pm

Same place, same time, different hosts. Join

rock action and Crusty Love for cool tunes and special guests and features. Tune into Crusty for the last Thursday of July for the best of Vancouver punk rock, including local antiquities.

COMPILATION COMPILATION

6:30-7:30 pm

The name says it all. Explore the rich and varied sound of the world of compilation tapes and albums.

03 July Jacques Major—personal collection

10 July Firm Faves—**Fruit of the Original Sin**

17 July Personal collection

24 July Firm Faves—**Cabaret Futura**

31 July Compilation Combination—Cohosts Jacques and Kawika battle it out.

TOP OF THE BOPS

8:00-9:00 pm

Screaming guitars, throbbing basses, pounding drums, pumping pianos and howling saxes: Top of the Bops has them all, and you can have them too!

MEL BREWER PRESENTS

11:00 pm-Midnight

If you haven't tuned in yet then you missed The Arts Club Memorial Blues Band playing live in the studio, and a lot of other way keen stuff. So stay up late one night a week to hear Patrick, Jay and Jerry interview local bands and highlight local music. This month, with some luck, Los Durangos, the Hip Type and others. Tune in for details. Remember, no spitting or foul language, Pat's mother is listening.

FRIDAYS

FRIDAY MORNING MAGAZINE

10:30-11:30 am

STIRRINGS: Your host Kirby Hill has just felt the scent of Spring. Out of the hibernation of the winter semester, this Wolf reawakens in search of fresh summer territories. This month the Wolf senses:

04 July An independence day special: a 2½-hour profile of the Peace Festival. Special Guests TBA.

Jazz, Jazz, Jazz, Jazz, Jazz.

11 July Summer Funfest with summerwear fashion designer, **Shaughan Williams**.

25 July Previewing **AMARCII**

POWER CHORD

3:30-5:00 pm

Vancouver's only true metal show, featuring the underground alternative to mainstream metal: local demo tapes, imports and other rarities, plus album give-aways.

SOUL GALORE

8:00-9:30 pm

All the tearjerkers, all the hipshakers. From R&B to funk and especially soul. Join Fiona MacKay and Anne Devine and wear your soul shoes.

04 July Music from the Modern Records label, featuring **Etta James, B.B. King, The Cadets** and more.

11 July Soul Galore's favorite dance steps.

18 July **James Brown Pt. II**

25 July Surfing Black America. Sounds of



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THE BIG SHOW

9:30 pm-midnight

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THE VISITING PENGUIN SHOW

Late night 1:00-4:00 am

Now, finally, a reason to stay up past the BIG SHOW on Friday nights. Yes, Andreas Kitzmann and Steve Gibson dish out requests, new music, interviews and selfless egotism.

WEEKEND REGULARS

8:00 am Sign-On

Noon BRUNCH REPORT

News, sports and weather.

6:00 pm SAT./SUN. MAGAZINE

News, sports and weather, plus
GENERIC REVIEW, analysis of current affairs and special features.

4:00 am Sign-Off

WEEKEND HIGHLIGHTS

SATURDAYS

EARLY MUSIC SHOW

7:30-10:00 am

Have breakfast to music from the Medieval, Renaissance and Baroque periods, played on

strange and exotic instruments. With host Tyler Cutforth.

NEOFILE

Noon-4:00 pm

A rundown of the newest, most exciting and insipid releases raked in during the week at CITR. Join music directors and charismaleptic hosts Don Chow and Kevin Smith for an eclectic musical pig-out, with occasional interviews, live mixes, and peripheral relevance.

PROPAGANDA!

6:30-9:00 pm

An eclectic mix of interviews, reviews, music, humour, High Profiles, and other features with Mike Johal.

PYJAMA PARTY

9:00 pm-1:00 am

Your hosts Mike Mines and Robin Razzell present everything from ambient music for snoozing to upbeat tunes for popcorn and pillow fights.

TUNES 'R' US

Late night 1:00-4:00 am

Music, Music, Music, Handyman Bob, Music, Music, My Favorite Album, Music, Music, Experimental To Classical, Teddy Kelowna presents, and yes more music.

SUNDAYS

MUSIC OF OUR TIME

8:00 am-Noon

With the threat of an American cultural takeover looming ever nearer, Music of Our Time

is devoting the entire month of July (at least) to works by Canadian composers in conjunction with the International year of Canadian Music. Listen for **Pentland, Somers, Willun, Champagne, Kenius, Coulthard, Schafer, Hetu, Archer, Weinzwieg...**

ROCKERS SHOW

Noon-3:00 pm

The best in Roots, Rock, Reggae, DJ and Dub. With your hosts George Family Man Barrett, Collin Hepburn and Bruce James.

MICHAEL WILLMORE'S ROCK TALK

3:00-6:00 pm

Authentic Rock 'N' Roll from the 1950s and 1960s featuring many collectors' items and rock rarities you'd never hear anywhere else.

SUNDAY NIGHT LIVE

8:00-9:00 pm

Your fave artists and others presented in their truest form—live. So just turn up the volume to an unbearable level, smoke lots of cigarettes, close your eyes and imagine you're there. No listings this month, just surprises.

FAST FORWARD

9:00 pm-1:00 am

Mark Mushet searches the world over for experimental, minimalist, avant-garde, electronic, and other non-mainstream sounds.

LIFE AFTER BED

1 am-4 am

The return of the nightmare from the people you're parents warned you about. Ugly radio has returned. Warn your avocados.

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TOP AIRPLAY ALBUMS

Husker Du	Candy Apple Grey	WB
Butthole Surfers	Rembrandt Pussyhorse	Alt. Tent.
Robotics	My Computer's Acting Strange	ARIWA
Let's Active	Big Plans for Everybody	IRS
Peter Gabriel	So	Geffen/WEA
We've Got a Fuzzbox...	...And We're Gonna Use It EP	Vindaloo
Jonathan Richman	It's Time For	RT/WEA
Ramones	Animal Boy	WEA
Mojo Nixon & Skid Roper	Frenzy	Restless
Screaming Blue Messiahs	Gun-Shy	WEA (UK)
Various Artists	Vhutemas Archetyp	Side Effects
The Empty Quarter	Delirium	Illuminated
Sonic Youth	Evol	SST
G.B.H.	Midnight Madness and Beyond	Combat Core
Cocteau Twins	Victorialand	Polygram
Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan	Best Of, Volume One	Womad
Lost Durangos	Evil Town EP	Armadillo
Lou Reed	Mistrial	RCA
Get Smart	Swimming With Sharks	Restless
That Petrol Emotion	Manic Pop Thrill	Demon
Various Artists	Rough Trade Compilation	RT/WEA
Various Artists	Raw Cuts Volume Two	Criminal Damage
Kalahari Surfers	Living in The Heart of the Beast	Recommended
Frank Tovey	Snakes & Ladders	MUTE/WEA

TOP AIRPLAY SINGLES

The Woodentops	Good Thing	Rough Trade
The Love Club	Shadows on the Wall	*Demo*
Hunting Party	Lost in a World	**Demo**
Black Britain	Ain't No Rockin' in a	Stiff
	Police State	
Allex Chilton	No Sex	New Rose
Big Guns	Running Out of Time	*Demo*
He Said	Pump	Mute
A Merry Cow	Honey Don't	*Demo*
Gerry Hannah	Songs From the Underground	Cassette
Alien Sex Fiend	I Walk the Line	Flicknife



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arvo part, the westbrook blake,
laurie anderson, peter dinklage,
andre duchesne, annick nozati,
paul dresher, rene lussier,
lord buckley, henry kaiser,
dial-a-poem, william burroughs...

VINYL

VERDICT

Butthole Surfers Rembrandt Pussyhorse Touch and Go

OKAY, LIKE I DRIVE TAXI LATE AT NIGHT, not much of a job, but I make good money and see the best things in life, if you get my drift. Being with this company so long, I got a super stereo system and good music to go along with it. But, to the crux of the matter.

So, one night I'm cruisin' and, like, I don't usually pick up really straight-looking fares, but things were slow and I picked up this guy outside Expo and about that time the Buttholes were doing the "American Woman" thing. This guy says what is that anyway...sounds familiar and I say, O it's the Buttholes doing the old Guess Who thing and this guy gets really upset and starts screaming about cultural chauvinism and psychotic trash and I ask, very politely, You got a problem, pal? and he's so pissed off he can hardly tell me he's like the Canadian cultural representative in the recent trade negotiation with the Big Brother to the South, and he's hot, mad, that some band named the Butthole Surfers would take a Canadian Classic and destroy it. So, like he's off his fuckin' tree about theft of cultural integrity, etc., so I stop the cab and tell him, very politely, If you don't like the Butthole Surfers, it's time you found another ride. Being at Main and Hastings, he calms down real quick and says It's not that I don't like them, I've never even heard

in the whole entire universe (space-time continuum included), at least at this particular moment. So what if they're from Texas and include a dog in the band lineup, so what if they're drug addicts and hate Henry Rollins and Madonna, so what if they're doing almost like classical stuff on this new record? Like, the Butthole Surfers are, move over Iggy, GOD.

And just then, the "American Woman" thing comes on again and he gets started on again about the destruction of cultural artifacts, and I realize that the cause is lost. You can't lead an asshole to the toilet. So, I open the door, grab him by his mauve silk collar, and tell him, very politely, Listen shithead, Gibby Spillane just wrote me the other day and he says on the next record the Buttholes are going to cover "SNOWBIRD" and the "HOCKEY NIGHT IN CANADA" theme. Maybe it was the hash or the wrinkles in his jacket, but as I drove away I saw him in the rear-view mirror, perched on all fours, slobbering, drooling, hysterical, clawing at the moon.

O well, can't win them all. Hey, the Buttholes are not for everyone.

—Travis B.

Muslimgauze Flajelata Limited (U.K.)

WITH THREE ALBUMS RELEASED IN less than a year, it would be easy to forgive Bryn Jones if signs of exhaustion in one form or another were evident. Add to this the fact that Muslimgauze is essentially drum sounds and the lack of any really new sounds might have one be prepared for disaster. Instead, Jones seems to have used the release of three albums to explore the inner works of his medium and cut down on the aspects which might be extraneous.

Buddhists on Fire (#1) showed us the splashy, often danceable side. While television tapes, Gregorian Chant and radio splices have their value in establishing a mood or conveying a message, overuse in the industry has possibly dulled their impact.

Blinded Horses (#2) showed exploration into the spacey, decidedly Oriental side of things. For me, the record was like a series of long slow breaths—probably enough to keep people like me who enjoy not having to think (much less do anything) happy—but not recommended for toe-tapping. *Flajelata* (#3) leans more to the *Blinded Horses* side. The mid-Eastern influence is even more pronounced—due in part to the dedication to the oppressed people of Afghanistan. There is an added fullness to the sound here.

Jones has discovered ways of filling his silences without always using drums. The tape sounds feel more like an integral part of the piece. Tonality has become more a feature and there are even moments where it's possible to

hear melodies of a sort. All the percussive sounds that have come to be associated with Muslimgauze are there: piano, tinkles, tympani, bongos, machines, etc. So are the strings sounds. In short—nothing new. What makes it all click is the restraint in the use of all the assorted gadgetry and the persuasive ability to work within one's means.

How nice, too, to find someone making political statements without screaming them from one end of the LP to the other. (The Scargill effect). It's hard to imagine how it could be improved.

—Larry Thiessen

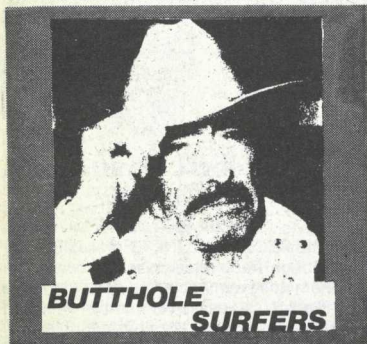
Dissidenten/Lem Chaheb Sahara Elektrik

THIS IS A GREAT RECORD BY TWO INSPIRING bands who have collaborated to create a successful synthesis of music from two very different cultures. Lem Chaheb are an immensely popular Moroccan group, now living in Europe, who never saw much financial reward in their native country due to rampant pirating of their records and also fell into disfavour with the government for their outspoken attitude.

West Germany's Dissidenten are a group who have long been involved in non-Western music, having toured and collaborated with musicians from India and Zimbabwe. They came to love Arabic music while living in the immigrant ghetto area of West Berlin.

Lem Chaheb are in the forefront of the music, carrying the melodies, playing the indigenous Moroccan/Arabic guitars (the Gimbri and Oud), percussion and doing all the singing. Dissidenten keep a solid rhythm backing with kit drums and electric bass and add electric guitar, keyboards and flute to the melody lines. The music is inspired by Moroccan tribal music and combines both the authenticity and uniqueness of the original "ethnic" music and the power and drive of Western rock. The songs are all wonderfully melodic and "sing-along-able" (you have to make up your own "words" though). They switch easily between very uplifting major key type melodies and sombre minor key parts and back again, each song having as many as three or four themes.

Most of all, this is extremely infectious dance music, as that is what it is intended to be (the live performances are often accompanied by a belly dance group). The base of this music is folk dancing, so the steady pulse of the bass and drums propels and fuses with it in a perfectly organic way to create something entirely original. Says Friedo of Dissidenten, "We realized when we made this record with Lem Chaheb that if we merely tried to copy their music Europeans would



of them, but they're American and doing bad things to Canadian culture...and I thought for a moment and realized Yes, it is my mission tonight to educate this poor geeb.

So, I take him for a long ride, with the meter off, of course, and I play him the whole *Rembrandt Pussyhorse* LP and smoke a few hits of really maximum hash and explain to him the finer points of the Buttholes. After about 1½ sides and some very deep hits, he begins to see my point. The Buttholes are not only the best band in America right now, they may be the best band



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not be inspired to familiarize themselves with it. This is dance music which translates into the language of the European."

Check it out and see if you don't agree. Crank this record up loud and see it it doesn't make you move.

—Mike Harding

Del Lords

Johnny Comes Marching Home

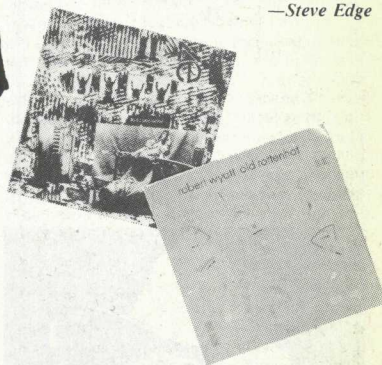
THE DEL LORDS' SUPERB DEBUT LP, *Frontier Days*, was a personal favourite, so now we have the follow-up. They still have that driving, unashamed, rocking beat and their predilection for going where other bands fear to tread by singing about such topics as old soldiers and U.S. hostages (they did a song about mercenaries on the first LP).

The focal point of side one is "Soldiers Home," about the veterans' Christmas wish for no more war, supported by Pat Benatar's voice, no less. Side two highlights are the insistent, pounding beat of "Ever Lovin'" followed by the other "issue" song "Against My Will," about the plight of hostages in some foreign land.

The band rocks as hard as anyone and Scott Kemper's lyrics are sufficiently thought-provoking to maintain interest. Unfortunately, the whole thing ends with the disappointingly unimaginative "No Waitress No More," although its false endings should instill panic into D.J.s everywhere.

Great freeway-driving, too.

—Steve Edge



Robert Wyatt

Old Rottenhat

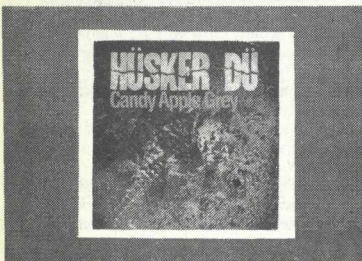
Rough Trade/WEA

THIS RECORD IS ONE OF A NUMBER OF Rough Trade releases in this country, all of them quite admirable and none of them at all likely to sell any great number of copies. Which is a shame, really, considering they include the likes of Chris & Cosey, Linton Kwesi Johnson, Pere Ubu, and Float Up CP. Being ignored by the general public, however, is certainly nothing new to any of these artists, nor to Robert Wyatt particularly. If there is anyone to blame for these sad injustices, then it is the artists themselves; and this is precisely why you should check out *Old Rottenhat*. You see, there is absolutely no way that the general public is ready to hear what these artists are trying to say, either literally or musically. More popular figures get around this by diluting

their message, making it smoother, slicker, and easier to swallow. Wyatt, happily, avoids this "warm water effect," and gives us the real thing.

This is not to say that this is an unlistenable or inaccessible album. It is not dissonant, funky, non-metric, nor modern. There is a minimum of sounds and instruments—voice, drums, organ, a bit of bass, and that's it. The record is passive, unobtrusive, and utterly unfashionable, just like the cover art. At the same time, though, it is full of anger and melancholy and political angst. *Old Rottenhat* seems more for those of us who already like Wyatt, but the uninitiated may like it as well. If you've never listened to a Robert Wyatt LP (and there are quite a number of them), the collection *Nothing Can Stop Us* is an excellent place to start. Give it a chance; the man grows on you.

—Don Chow



Husker Du
Candy Apple Grey
Warner Bros.

I THINK I FINALLY UNDERSTAND THE TITLE of this record. The colour association one usually makes with candy apple is red, and from there to the low-slung, powerful sports car of one's daydreams is only a slight shift of the imagination. With *Candy Apple Grey*, on the other hand, one is faced with an image of a powerful album leaving ambiguity and uncertainty in its exhaust.

The songs, alternating, as usual, between those written by guitarist Bob Mould, and those written by drummer Grant Hart, tend to build on the image created by the title. Opening with Mould's "Crystal," the album immediately envelops the listener in a net of white noise as Mould screams about Life, The Universe, and Everything, until he concludes, "You realize the finest things in life! Are the ones that can never be hurt." This track is followed by Hart's engaging "I Don't Want to Know if You are Lonely." In it we find Hart passionately concerned with the affairs of his heart, rather than the world around it. This is a pattern which is repeated throughout the album. Mould, uncertain of the world, and his place in it, and Hart equally unsure of the future, but seemingly, more sure of what's going by in his life than Mould.

Musically, the album continues the trend of the prolific Husker's recent albums, towards a cleaner mix of the instruments, clearer vocals (a trend aided by the lyric sheet in the record). As a bit of a surprise, keyboards are being used more often, and more prominently. Particularly on Hart's great pop tune "Sorry Somehow" and his ballad "No Promises Have I Made." Mould, meanwhile, has used an acoustic guitar on "Too Far Down" and "Hardly Getting Over It," making the band sound something like one of those

"guitar" bands that REM is always being blamed for inspiring.

By the album's close, with Mould's "All This I've Done For You," I found myself concluding that these guys, not forgetting bass player Greg Norton, write better songs about not knowing what the hell is going on in the world than anyone else. This is a great record.

—PC

Peter Gabriel So Geffen/WEA

SO. A seemingly enigmatic title for Gabriel's latest work, with a cover baring his face, throwing away the masks/illusions that graced his previous solo efforts.

So.

The word itself is indicative of cause, as, "I have created this, so...you will respond." And so you will, and so will I.

So.

This record has "winner" written across it, a record so filled with captivating songs that you will hear and hear and hear them all year; hear them on college radio! hear them on FM rock radio! hear them on AM rock radio! hear them on FM MOR radio! hear them on AM MOR radio! hear them on MTV/MuchMusic!...Sledgehammer indeed...

So.

This record will invariably chart higher and longer than any Gabriel solo album before, a record that will rack up sales numbers as high as fellow Genesis-alumni (and all-round hack) Phil Collins, a record that will be familiar to housewives and truckdrivers and students and clubbers and EVERYBODY ELSE this summer...

So.

With a record that is almost impossible for anyone, I say anyone, to dislike (even those long-time Gabriel/Genesis aficionados disturbed by the possible lack of...depth...on this release), Gabriel will take his place in the rock firmament as one of the greatest vocalists in a business notable only for singers, and the marvelous range of voice textures will become a rock fixture.

So.

So is produced by Quebec's Daniel Lanois, and the usual brilliant production of a Gabriel album is enhanced with a wide range of musicians—some, like Kate Bush, Stewart Copeland, Jimm Kerr, and Tony Levin relatively well-known; others, like Simon Clark, Manu Katche, Youssou N'Dor, and Djalma Correa familiar to those versed in his previous works or influences—the overall effect of which is to give each song a unique "feel" within the album: the beautifully evocative "Don't Give Up," featuring Kate Bush; the rockin' funky "Big Time" with Copeland; the R&B-influenced "Sledgehammer," with Manu Katche, and so on.

So.

Despite the lessening of that biting social conscious, and the shift away from the dominant African tribal rhythms of previous works, Gabriel has crafted an album that builds upon his earlier material and anticipates a summer market at the same time, a record destined to be a big hit.

So.

Don't worry about getting to like it. You are going to hear it an awful lot, and you will like it. Unless, of course, you are one of those dinosaurs still walking around with "Frankenchrist" on your walkman.

So.

—Laurie Mercer

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Mofungo Messenger Dogs of the Gods Lost Records (US)

MOFUNGO IS A NEW YORK, NEW YORK band that has been playing together since about 1980. They released several EPs before recording a full-length cassette called *Out of Line*. This effort enjoyed some success in the New York alternative market and was subsequently pressed into vinyl in 1983. That album was a refreshing arrival at CITR in the summer of '84, featuring an abrasive saxophone (a la James Chance), discordant guitars and pointedly political lyrics.

When *Messenger Dogs* arrived at the station I tore open the wrapper with great anticipation. The LP features 13 songs, all short. For the most part, the sound is much safer than on the original album and the mix lacks the jarring tension that marked Mofungo's earlier work.

The saxophone has retreated into the background, only occasionally slipping forward to make hair stand on end. Where the band used to react to the punk and new wave that dominates the New York club scene, they now attempt to join in.



There are still some exciting moments. Middle Eastern influences are apparent on "SNCC" and "Strike from Within" is convincingly angry.

The B side is the most listenable, if somewhat repetitive. The first four songs owe much to the folk tradition. "Johnny Didn't Come Marching Home" sounds like a Johnny Horton hit and Mofungo does a respectable cover of H. McLin-tock's "Big Rock Candy Mountain."

However, it is not until the last three cuts on the album that things get interesting. Though the saxophone remains somewhat indifferent, a demanding edge asserts itself in the rest of the sound structure. Bass and drums provide a simplistic and heavy rhythm line with two guitars creating fractured dischord, leaving voice and sax to carry the melody. Good stuff, and it comes to a peak in the final cut, "The Typist's Pleas," which suffers only from a muddled vocal mix.

—Kawika

Jonathan Richman and the Modern Lovers

It's Time For... Rough Trade Records

NEEED AN ANTIDOTE FOR SYNTHETIC pop? Tired of O-so-politically correct songs that shoulder the problems of the whole world (OOOooo!)? Or maybe you've heard the angst of hardcore nail-biting nihilists once too often to be genuinely convinced...? I mean, there's a lot more to life than what gets on the 11 o'clock news...really. Like what? Like cool neon signs, thick chocolate malts, camping out at the beach, shopping at the corner store, having fun, oh yeah, and real macoy love, too.

If you find that no one is singing about the realities in your life, and you don't fit in, then I suggest it's time for Jonathan Richman and the Modern Lovers. They sing about these things, things that matter, things that are important.

Jojo doesn't clutter up his songs with stupid syncopations that confuse toe-tapping, or synthesizer noodles, or absolutely correct rhymes. This might be hard to understand, but wait a minute—he's just big on the back-beat and straight forward in his words: *I don't care if it cost more money to shop there, 'cause this was love. I don't care if ya hav'ta walk longer, I'll walk further, I'll pay more, I don't really want what that new mall got, I want what they got in that corner store. And what did I feel when I walked by slow: sorrow, sorrow all around. Why I should feel that way, I know: I smell the ghost smell from the ground, that old wooden smell of the corner store.* Now that's not too hard to understand is it?

Some people laugh when I say I like Jonathan Richman, think I'm a jerk or something, just because he uses girl backup singers and harmonies. So what? I like when Jonathan sings about love and permanence in relationships—you know, he's not just talking about a lover either, he's talking about friends, communities, your favourite jeans and stuff, and trees and bugs too. Hey, people can feel good for a long time about who they're with and where they are, that's all.

Jonathan's not too a big on mechanical things, consumerism, or progress in general (nope, you won't see him at Expo...aw). There's a neat blend of insight, poetry, sincerity, and not-taking-one-self-too-serious-ness on this record—oh yeah, that's a big part of love too, isn't it, not taking yourself too seriously... It's a pretty good record.

—Ralph Synning

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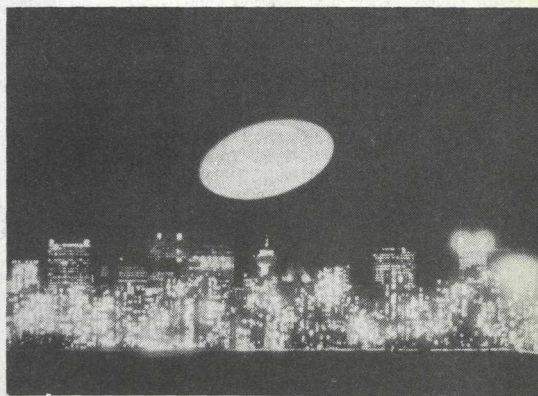
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"I don't want to ever have a baby. You'd have to carry it around all the time, and I don't even like to carry a purse."



"I rather be in a ward for the criminally insane than be here right now!"

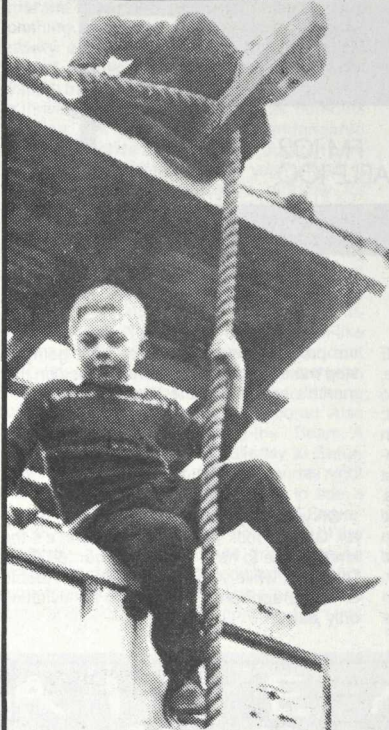


"I never told you this sis, but I knew somebody who had a friend that slept with Elvis, and it was no big deal at all."

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I HAVE THIS RATHER CYNICAL ATTITUDE towards the local music scene. You see, it's always been my contention that no matter how often bands put out singles that equate the Sacred Government to the Reich Chancellory, say life sucks, sound like vegetables being thawed out in a microwave, or just plain claim to be alternative, they're all bogus. Why? Because I think deep down every local band secretly wishes to get connected to a certain local talent agent, who is nicknamed after Bullwinkle's species, and open for Mr. Mister or ZZ Top on an 85-day North American tour starting off in Amarillo, Texas. Of course

I'm probably wrong, but that's not going to stop me from performing the autopsy on this month's entrants in the Demo Derby.

Big Guns "In the Know"

Oh yeah! Dig this song! The pick of the litter. Garage rock with Iggyish vocals, it's the kind of tune to have blaring in your '65 Chev Dinosaur, while you stalk convertible Rabbit-driving preppies on their way to an invitation only party.



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Der Mittlegang "Rituals"

Rituals are usually not mysterious occult ceremonies. They are more like having to go over to granny's house for dinner, wearing matching shorts and blue velvet blazer, while fat relatives pinch your cheek. Rituals are tedious and boring. This song feels that way. The music is tedious and the singer sounds like he did his bit in another room. Was he trying to get away from Aunt Fannie, perhaps?

Excited First Daughter "Perelandra"

This folksy instrumental reminds me of the soundtrack to one of those boring NFB shorts that come on after *Hockey Night in Canada*. Should be retitled "Oyster Shucking in Cape Breton."

Nepenthe "Entwine"

Sounds like an android mating dance. Synthesizer music for those who are sexually aroused by floppy discs.

Go Four 3 "This Flight Tonight"

A close second to Big Guns for pick of the litter, this song makes me smile every time I hear it. (Probably because I flashback to my delinquent Nazareth days.) Great guitar work and only occasional lapses in the vocals. But nothing that chain smoking and scotch can't cure. Big question: will they do "School's Out?"

Deviant and the Clones "Slaughtering Fran's Cat"

Fran's cat was lucky. A bone grinder sounds better. When the singer annoyingly chants "Here kitty, kitty," one hopes he's flattened by a real Cat, D-8 size.

The Water Walk "Far Fields"

If you play this song at home, your parents will praise you for finally listening to some decent music. Reminds me of a singer in a Sandman Inn lounge accompanied by a rhythm ace. "Thanks very much! Here's some Dire Straits."

Radio Europe "No Hurry"

I like the bassline to this. It's reminiscent of King Crimson. The vocals aren't too bad either. Unfortunately this song is lacking in any real hooks and is thus forgettable. On an album, "No Hurry" would be the filler between the hits.

Love Club "Shadows on the Wall"

An adequate semi-rockin' nuclear rally tune. I like the vocalist. She reminds me of an early Grace Slick, before Grace had everybody's kid, discovered late night munching, and started impersonating the Michelin Man. This band should go over quite well when they play the Hornby Island Community Hall.

—Jerome Broadway

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from p. 30

seems to be reflecting the ongoing changes of the sixties' generation. The generation that once wore tie-dye and did acid now wears ties and does lunch. On the Haight this means that the numerous seamy taverns and used clothing, book, and record stores are being slowly elbowed out by pasta bars, frozen yogurt stands, designer cookie shops and yuppie bistros. Fortunately, the Haight still has a thriving herd of long-haired sixties' burnouts proving that they are not an endangered species as once thought. (Best burnout conversation overheard: "...Oh yeah, man! I wouldn't miss Wavy Gravy's birthday for anything!")

THE HAIGHT ALSO HAS PLENTY OF skate punks and a number of decent bars serving as outposts against the overachiever onslaught. Among the worthwhile bars is Nightbreak, a Repo Man-like tavern which on Sundays featured dollar draft specials, hardcore punk videos, three thrash bands and a Sushi bar. A great place to hang out in statement clothing and look bored. Also worthwhile along the Haight is the I Beam. A dress-in-black-die-disco Tuesday to Saturday, it featured special bands on Monday night for five bucks, which enabled me to see a double bill of Tupelo Chain Sex and Snakefinger. I also caught another double bill of the Bolshoi—a power pop band from England whose singer tried hard to look indifferent but nonetheless managed to put on a pretty good set—and SF's version of Skinny Puppy, Until

December. This Gene Loves Jezebel-looking trio—wearing mom's old hand-me-downs and paste jewellery—were a big hit with the audience, but I thought they were about as exciting as ukulele lessons. If Until December were dull though, they were no where near as bad as what I'll call the Worldbeat scam.

Worldbeat is supposed to be a new multi-racial music form that borrows from reggae, funk, and others. It's supposed to be really hot and it received a big write-up in a national music magazine. But when I caught renown worldbeaters Zulu Spear in the Full Moon Saloon on the Haight, I was less than impressed. The band dressed like extras from the Gilligan's Island episode where Gilligan meets the headhunters, and the music sounded pre-tenacious. To top it off the bar was overpriced and boring. (You know when a bar is bad when you hear people talking about tax shelters and software) The Worldbeat verdict: plastic African music for yuppies. Beware! But don't worry. The yuppies aren't taking over. You won't find any of them in clubs like Wolf-gangs, DV8 or the Mabuhay Gardens, clubs which presented such unyuppie acts as the Long Ryders, Tuxedomoon, and Frightwig.

The Bay Area has a lot of good action despite the infestation of Young Republicans, and it may be just the thing for those individuals over-Exposed to Exploit '86. For me, my original assignment never completed, I reluctantly return home to my regular job.

"Would you like fries with that, Mr. Pat-tison?"

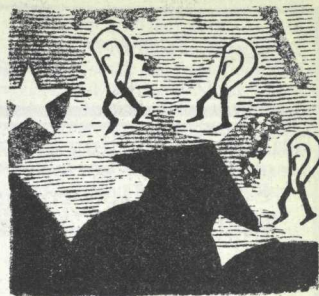
—Jerome Broadway

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THE ROVING EAR

Chief Petty Fry Cook Jerome Broadway Finds Himself... Stranded in Frisco.



I ALWAYS SEEM TO MISS THE BOAT when it comes to doing insightful and interesting articles for *Discorder*. I don't know why, but I *do* know that in the past year I've missed the chance to cover the skinhead scene in Manila, report on a pirate radio station in Beirut, and interview the members of an Afghani marching thrash band. So when I was offered the opportunity to cover a reunion of former Air America pilots (Air America being that wonderful [now defunct] carrier which used to be the only way to fly for the globe-trotting CIA man wishing to visit the friendly skies of Southeast Asia) in Tucson, Arizona, I jumped. Besides, anything's an excuse to get away from my present job—Chief Petty Fry-Cook on the McBarge.

Unfortunately, due to a lack of *Discorder* funding, I only made it as far as San Francisco. So there I was stranded in Frisco, the city that brought you a bridge, a song, Rice-a-Roni, and Deadheads. Fortunately, I was able to look up an old buddy of mine from my black market days in Macao—actually we met washing dishes in the Broadway Bino's—who was living in San Mateo, a safe white suburb twenty minute's drive from SF, and I was set to check out the Bay Area scene. However, being outside Frisco one quickly realizes the need for a car. There's a lot of ground to be covered in the Bay Area, what with clubs all over Frisco, not to mention Berkeley and Oakland across the bay and Palo Alto to the south, so a car is a necessity. Besides, with-

out one you'll never get to drive the streets of Frisco like Steve McQueen did in *Bullitt*.

Of course driving aimlessly around Frisco and bottoming out can get to be a drag, so you need to find the action spots. The best written sources for club info are *BAM* (*Bay Area Music*) and *Calendar* magazines. These magazines are both free, can be found all over town, and provide pretty thorough club and concert listings. My issue of *BAM* even had a cover story on Camper Van Beethoven. Another good source for club listings is the Sunday issue of the *SF Examiner*, which had an entertainment section that even listed hardcore clubs. Try finding that in your *Province Weekender*. For those who can't read there is always radio. Since Bay Area commercial radio is as bad as anywhere, maybe even worse with such a high play rate of SF's finest: Journey, the Starship, The Dead, and Michael J. Fox's older brother Hubert Lewis, one'd want to choose from one of the area's four college stations. Best bets are UC of Berkeley's KALX and Foothills Junior College's KFJC, which broadcasts from Palo Alto. These stations are a lot similar to the beloved *R*, except, they have two superior features. These being way more female announcers and constant concert ticket giveaways.

Nonetheless, with all these sources of information I somehow managed to miss a triple bill at the Filmore of Husker Du, Camper Van Beethoven, and Faith No More. However, I did catch SF thrash favorites RKA (Rich Kids on

Acid) and Verbal Abuse at the Rock on Broadway. The Rock is a former movie theatre turned into a thrash club in which the DKs used to frequently play. The club had a great atmosphere helped by a neighbourhood made up of sleazy strip joints, all of which seemed to have the kind of shlocky neon signs that one only sees in *T.J. Hooker* re-runs. But the Rock was beset by two problems common to all-ages gigs in Frisco and Oakland. These are curfew shows and no-ins-and-outs shows. Since there's a curfew in both cities, a sure sign of a crumbling society, a lot of the all-ages gigs start at 6 p.m. and end at ten. Gotta get those rotten kids off the streets, you know! Also some clubs have a policy of not allowing you to go in and out, forcing you to stay inside once you've entered. This means you usually end up playing the hide-the-mickey game.

Out in Berkeley though, there's none of this police state garbage at all-ages gigs. So you could see a good band, like LA's The Descendants, in a good bar, like Ruthie's Inn, without any hassles. The Descendants, incidently, do a pretty good punked-up version of the Beach Boys' "Wendy."

Another area that is hassle free and a must to visit is the Haight. Haight-Ashbury, man. The sixties' mecca where future Saab and BMW owners made their trek to find peace love and outer body experiences. The Haight

cont. p. 29

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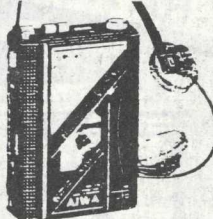


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